

# ADVICE to the PAINTER,

From a Satyrical Night-MUSE,

FOR

## Limning to the Life the Witnesses

Against the Right Honourable,

Anthony, Earl of Shaftsbury.

**P** AINTER, Draw near, Draw here the leering Look,  
Of th' By-got *Blood-hounds* when they Swore on th'  
Licking their Lips, and Tantalizing for (Book,  
More Noble Blood than was th' poor Joyners Gore:  
Limn to the Life, how look'd that Breathing Devil  
(Who Damn'd the Gospel for the grandest Evil)  
VVhen Sworn upon 't, and th' same Blasphemous Tool,  
Would prove, THAT God (by whom he Swore) a Fool:  
He'd need to Think so, and God's Book a Fable,  
As did the POPE (his Father) Curs'dly Babble;  
Least th' Book should Curse Him, and God prove so VVife  
As to Repay with VVrath his Perjuries:  
Next, Limn that Frontless Blade, who Boldly said,  
That *Hyde*, and *Hallifax*, would see Him paid  
Nobly, that Durst this Noble EARL Traduce  
With TREASON Home, as if th' Old Say, in Use,  
From *Hell*, *Hull*, *Hallifax*, He would turn Thus,  
From *Hell*, *Hyde*, *Hallifax*, Deliver us:  
Surely, those Noble Lords will Vindicate  
Their Honours, from his Slanders sublimate:  
PAINTER, go on, shew Thy Dexterity  
In Limning th' Rest of that Rascality:  
Those Sons of *Belial*, Knights of the Post,  
Incarnate Dev'ls, *Fezabels* Suborned Host,  
Against our *Naboth*; To remove that Rub,  
Which stops their Running Bowls, their VVits they Club,  
Charging this Loyal Lord with Blasphemy  
'Gainst God and King, Treason and Treachery:  
PAINT, All those Miscreants, as Belching out  
(From their Black Slabering Mouth, and Snotty Snout)  
Their Thunder-Thumping *Lyes*, and *Oaths* so sharp  
As would shout through a Marble VVall, Had th' Harp  
And th' Harrow Hang'd (their *Drom*) together Better  
They'd peirc'd our PEER, for VVords as well as Letter.  
Paint them with Pockets large, well lin'd with Gold,  
(The price of Innocents Blood, Bought and Sold)  
Which with its Splendour Dazles Eyes, and which  
Meer Mercenary Mortals doth Bewitch:  
If but one ANGEL could make *Balaams* Ass  
Speak, then what may not Many bring to pass?  
Yea, goodly GUINNYS, *Double Angels* All  
And more than so, able to Conjure small,  
Yea, and Great Devils up, make ASSES Speak,  
And Swear, so far as th' Devils *Arse* in Peak:  
As *Beelzebub*; that Prince of Flies, them Fly-blows,  
Which makes men think, they're all the Devils By-blows.  
ONE Swears this EARL aim'd to Depose the King,  
And Inthroned *Buckingham*, a likely Thing!  
Another Swears, This Earl would Crown Himself,  
Yet ALL *Depos'd*, He's for a COMMON-WEALTH:  
Lo, th' Inconsistency of th' Evidence,  
Both with it Self, with Truth and Common Sense,  
Like the False VVitnesses against our Lord,  
VVhich could not with Themselves, nor Truth accord.  
Confounded Thus, those *Babel-builders* be,  
Their Testimonies plainly Disagree:

If He design'd to set up *Buckingham*,  
Then to Inthroned himself must be a Sham;  
For a Republick if he did pursue,  
Then neither of the former can hold True:  
Right *Babels-Lrats*, whose Tongues divided are,  
VVhose Legs, as well as Language Interfare:  
Thus far their Impudence boldly bore-up,  
Mark *Painter* here, what 'twas that made them stoop,  
A *London Jury*'s (not like *Iezreel*,  
VVhich found the Bill through haughty *Fezabel*  
'Gainst Faultless *Naboth*) Cross-Int'rogatories,  
Confound those Pests in their Repugnant Stories.  
This VVealthy, VVise, Sagacious JURY well  
VVeigh'd every Circumstance. They could not sell  
The Life of such a Peerless PEER at th' Rate  
Of shabby Shams of Mercenary Fate:  
Improbable and Contradicting Things  
O'r rules them, and the *IGNORAMUS* brings;  
VVhich was Received with most loud Acclamations  
Though Lying *Thompson* calls them Sibylations:  
*Painter*, Draw here the Eel-pye, that ('tis said)  
Those VVitnesses at *Fountain Tavern* had  
Sent them, wherein eight Ropes wrap'd up like Eels  
VVere ready there both for their Necks and Heels:  
A fit Collation for those Rogues in Grain,  
VVho Durst th' Escutcheon of this Earl so stain.  
Draw next, the *Courts* broke up, and th' Evidence  
VVould Sneak away without the People's Sense,  
Had they not fear'd a Shower of Stones would brain them,  
But th' Gallows claims its Right, th' Sheriff must *Man* them,  
*Coaches* those *Beasts*, while he did more than's Due,  
*Lacqueys* this Damn'd (his Coach-defiling) Crue,  
Conveys them to th' *Savoy* their Sanctuary,  
VVhere their strong Guard's the Red-Coat Soldiery:  
There must we leave them Lodg'd, till *Tyburn* take them,  
VVith its Tippets, if Gods Grace do still forsake them.  
Then turn thy Table *Painter*, take in time,  
Thy liveliest Colours, thy Vermilion prime;  
Be brisk to Limn to th' Life this Lords Enlargment,  
After so many Months of 's *Tower* Confinement:  
VVere th' Bells and Bonfires his Congratulation,  
VVith Shouts at th' *IGNORAMUS* Declaration:  
VVhat more would have been for his *Welcome Home*,  
Had not preventing Prudence Timely come:  
Disdaining to be Popular, He 'l not offend  
The Court, or Countrey, neither Foe nor Friend:  
He hath enough, that hath but Mens affections,  
VVithout their Bells, Bonfires and Acclamations:  
These are but Complemental Things (the *Heart* is all  
To God and Men) and to great Minds but small:  
*Shew*, How this Peer is Handed to His House  
VVhence th' Villains Swore Him, and his Neck to th' Noose:  
Once more God brings him off, to 's Habitation,  
God make him more to save both King and Nation;  
Gain the Kings Favour, and Advance His Crown  
Sit at His Helm, a Pilot of Renown.